STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #18

"GOODNIGHT, GOODNIGHT, THE PARTY'S OVER"

by

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StormWatch: Team Achilles
#19 “Goodnight, Goodnight, The Party’s Over”
Written by Micah Ian Wright
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PAGE 1

Go rent Spike Lee’s Malcolm X. This scene is the death of Malcolm sequence, but instead of Malcolm, it’s Citizen Soldier as a 18-year old Puerto Rican kid in New York City, 1972.

PANEL ONE

Exterior shot of an old, dilapidated 1920’s movie palace after 50 years of corrosion and vandalism. There is marquee above the door. Some letters are backwards or missing.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
The Bronx, 1972

MARQUEE
Puerto Rican Independence Rally - TODAY!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Senores y Senoras, put your hand together for
RAMON EMETERIO BETANCES!

PANEL TWO

Shot from the back of the theatre. In the dark, a crowd of people eagerly listen to the speaker, a young hispanic kid, aged 18 or 19, with one of those great 1970’s hispanic afros, wearing a necklace with two white tiger claws on either side of a white tiger head. He wears jeans and a black t-shirt under a corduroy blazer (think: bad 70’s rebel clothing -- maybe a shitty headband?)

RAMON BETANCES (CITIZEN SOLDIER)
-tired of being their second-rate colony!
Since 1899 Puerto Rico has been denied our
moral right to govern our own affairs! That
MUST END NOW!

PANEL THREE

Push midway in on the kid. He’s furious about this, pumping his fist in the air. Fists in the crowd stick up, reflecting him (as in the Citizen Soldier speech in issue #16).

RAMON BETANCES (CITIZEN SOLDIER)
They take our people and send us to fight
THEIR war in Vietnam! Against people who we
Puertoriquenos have NO FIGHT WITH!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RAMON BETANCES (CITIZEN SOLDIER)

The Vietnamese peole want nothing more than WE do... an end to colonial oppression! Estados Unidos, Manos FUEROS DE PUERTO RICO!

CROWD

Estados Unidos, Manos FUEROS DE PUERTO RICO!
Estados Unidos, Manos FUEROS DE PUERTO RICO!
Estados Unidos, Manos FUEROS DE PUERTO RICO!

MAN IN CROWD

GET YOUR HAND OUTTA MY POCKET, PATO!

PANEL FOUR

Close-up on the kid as he looks off-screen at what's happening. HE HAS STARS FOR PUPILS: he's Citizen Soldier!

MAN IN CROWD (O.S.)

I SAID GET YOUR HAND OUTTA MY POCKET, PATO!

RAMON BETANCES (CITIZEN SOLDIER)

Wha..?

PANEL FIVE

The kid's POV looking down from the stage. Three white guys leap from the front row, pulling shotguns and Mac-10's out from under their coats.

RAMON BETANCES (CITIZEN SOLDIER)

Jesuscristo!

I.O. AGENT #1

Kill the Motherfucker!

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Astounding upshot angle from the I.O. AGENT'S POV as Ramon does a graceful Greg Louganis backflip high off the stage up, up and up above them. NO WAY is this possible by a mere human.

I.O. AGENT #2
Shoot Him!

PANEL TWO

Ramon is a full-on Citizen Soldier now. His face has the flag of Puerto Rico on it. He SLAMS down onto one of the I.O. Agents, crushing him to the ground, SMASHING his head like a canteloupe between the ground and his Chuck Taylor's.

I.O. AGENT #1 (INTO RADIO)
He's activated! Code Red, this is International Operations Group Four! Citizen Soldier has activated!

I.O. AGENT #2
Get down, idiot, I don't have a clear shot!

PANEL THREE

Agent #2 shoots through Agent #1 to get Citizen Soldier. They both do the Bullet Dance as they're riddled with .45 Mac-10 slugs. Innocent people in the b/g are also killed.

I.O. AGENT #2
Ah, fuck it.

SOUND E/FX
PokPokPokPokPokPokPokPok

I.O. AGENT #1
Aggghhkkk!

PANEL FOUR

Ramon wheezes through bloody teeth, clutching at his lower torso, trying to hold in his guts. The Agent #1 is dead, mashed goo at his feet.

I.O. AGENT #2
How many times we gotta kill you before you get the hint, pally? America doesn't need you.

RAMON BETANCES (CITIZEN SOLDIER)
Underprepared. I went too public too fast... Won't make that mistake... next time.

2 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

The I.O. Agent (we can read his badge on his chest by now) fires again right at camera.

I.O. AGENT #2

There ain't gonna be a next time for you, shitbird.

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Medium shot on BEN SANTINI, frozen in space, eyes staring off into space, starkly empty, mouth open in horror as “he” is shot to death. He’s reliving Citizen Soldier’s memories as they’re broadcast into his mind. Next to Santini stands GALENA GOLOVIN, waving her hand in front of Santini’s blank eyes.

GALENA
What is wrong with them?

PINCKNEY (O.S.)
It must be those dreams they were all on about for the last few nights.

PANEL TWO

Different shot. PINCKNEY pokes a finger into JUKKO’S cheek. No response.

PINCKNEY (O.S.)
It’s only affecting the Americans on the team, so it stands to reason, wot? Perhaps it’s due to being so close to the source of the signal?

PANEL THREE

Several Project Entry Portals open in a large meeting room with a long oval meeting table in the center. Standing immobile in horrific poses are SANTINI, JUKKO, TEFIBI, AND FLINT. Standing near them in a defensive firing posture is Jaeger.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Computouch Information Systems, Ohio

JAEGER
So what do we do NOW?

GALENA
Is the source of this signal most likely to be animal or machine?

PINCKNEY
Animal? We know Citizen Soldier’s working with Superpowered Beings.

PANEL FOUR

Galena strokes Tefibi’s cheek.

GALENA
Then what we do NOW is find and KILL this thing which has our comrades so incapacitated.

3 CONTINUED:

GALENA
And let us do it quickly. I can only imagine what kind of HELLISH dreams they are having.

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Exterior shot of The Capitol Dome. 1930's cars on the road outside.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Washington D.C. - 1934

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
Captain Cassaday, please allow me to introduce everyone...

PETER CASSADAY (O.S.)
Surely, Senator.

PANEL TWO

A group of wealthy fat-cats in 1930's clothing and hairstyles seated in a semi-circle in cushy armchairs, drinking and smoking big cigars in a nicely decorated wood-paneled room with red curtains and Tiffany lamps. The last guy on the far right is a young Sonny Terns.

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
(link his intro bubbles at the top of the panel next to each person in the semicircle)
Peter, this is GERALD MACGUIRE - he's a bond trader for J.P. MORGAN'S firm.

MACGUIRE
Sir.

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
PRESCOTT BUSH, the industrialist.

BUSH
Pleased, sir.

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
ROBERT STERLING CLARK...

CLARK
I own the Singer Sewing Machine company. Pleased to make your aquaintance.

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
LAMMOT DU PONT from the Du Pont corporation, of course...

DU PONT
Hello, son.

4 CONTINUED:

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
...and John J. Raskob, the man who built the largest building in the world, the Empire State Building.

RASKOB
(smirking)
And I beat that little weasel Walter Chrysler eight ways to Sunday when doing it!

SENATOR HATCH (O.S.)
And my aide, Reginald Terns.

TERNS
Call me Sonny!

PANEL THREE

Reverse shot on Senator Hatch with Captain Peter Cassaday, US ARMY (old 30's-era uniform) the 1930's-40's Citizen Soldier. Cassaday is a young 19-year old blonde kid from Iowa, very fit.

SENATOR HATCH
And, this, of course, is the man of the hour, Captain Peter Cassaday, our hero of the recent Bolivian-Peruvian unpleasantness. Gentlemen, Peter has THE SIGNS. He is THE ONE we've been waiting for.

PANEL FOUR

Medium Close-up on Cassaday as the Rich Industrialists surround him, shaking his hands, clapping him on the back, puffing smoke everywhere, etc. The Senator pushes them back.

CROWD
Amazing! / He has the star-shaped eyes! / We've been waiting for too long! / Where does he stand? / WHEN can we begin THE PROJECT?

SENATOR HATCH
Gentlemen, please, give the lad some air. Let's all take our seats and discus this rationally.

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Widescreen panel. Everyone's seated. Du Pont and Raskob on Panel Left lean forward to talk to Cassaday who sits extreme Panel Right with his back uncomfortably straight upright, arms crossed, eyes narrowed, a suspicious look on his face.

DU PONT
Mister Cassaday, our group has come across some rather arcane-

RASKOB
Just say it, Du Pont. Look, Cassaday, we know that you're THE SOUL for this Generation. You awoke while serving in Peru, correct?

CASSADAY
And just HOW do you come to know that which you claim to know?

PANEL TWO

Half-page wide panel. Reverse shot. The Senator condescendingly pats Cassaday's arm. The look Cassaday shoots the pat would freeze a barbecue.

SENATOR HATCH
Look, Son, we're important men. It's our job to know these things, after all, we wouldn't-

PANEL THREE

Half-page wide panel. Same Shot, only now, Cassaday has his thumb and forefinger around the Adam's Apple of The Senator, who suddenly has a pained look on his face as he chokes.

SENATOR HATCH
-URKK.

CASSADAY
Do not lecture me about power and its usage. I've been doing this for quite a bit longer than all of you gentlemen put together.

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen, thin. On Cassaday's narrowed, angry eyes. The star-shaped pupils are very apparent.

CASSADAY
Now Get To THE POINT.

5 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

ANGLE ON Bush & MacGuire, smiling.

MACGUIRE
You're certainly everything we'd been led to believe by Hamilton's diary.

BUSH
We have a proposition for you, sir. At this time, the country which, uh, er... YOU helped establish is foundering in a morass of Communism known as The New Deal. The evils of Godless Socialism have come to our beautiful shores and we must take up arms against it.

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

The rich swells crowd in, trying to hard-sell Cassaday.

RASKOB
We currently have $6 Million in funds from the gentlemen at the table and others-

DU PONT
-several others-

RASKOB
-SEVERAL others who share our view of the road this country is taking, towards the Godless Beast State of Stalin's Russia.

CASSADAY
And just WHAT do you boys require of ME?

PANEL TWO

ON Bush & MacGuire.

MACGUIRE
I am the Vice President of the American Legion. We can rally a group of 500,000 militantly patriotic veterans to the capitol in order to protect America from the excesses of the voting booth.

BUSH
We just need a LEADER in the manner of the new FASCIST regimes of Germany and Italy. Look at what THEY'VE accomplished! In just one year Hitler's Germany has become the MIRACLE of the 20th century!

PANEL THREE

Cassaday stands up, his back to camera. ANGLE ON The rich boys, all upset.

DU PONT
What? Where are you going? I demand an answer!

PANEL FOUR

Cassaday looks back, furious.

CASSADAY
My answer is this: my work is maintaining this country as the world's predominant democracy.
(MORE)

6 CONTINUED:

CASSADAY (cont'd)

If I hear of anything like 500,000 soldiers advocating your Fascist paradise coming anywhere near Washington D.C., then I'll get 500,000 more and lick the Hell out of you. And if you think I can't, then I'd like to mention a few words to you:

CASSADAY

Ypres. Verdun. San Juan Hill. The Battle of Mexico City. The Alamo. The Battle of New Orleans. The Battle of Yorktown. Valley Forge. Lexington and Concord.

PANEL FIVE

C/U on Citizen Soldier's face as he spits out his words.

CASSADAY

Oh, and three more: BENEDICT FUCKING ARNOLD. If I catch any of you bastards talking to anyone else about this UnAmerican scheme, I'll kill you all myself.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

Galena, and Jaeger move their way down a long hallway, Jaeger facing forwards on one side of the hall, Galena faces the other way, walking backwards on the other side of the hallway, each of them covering 90 degrees of hallway.

GALENA
I feel exposed.

JAEGER
Why? Pinckney is covering us.

GALENA
Have you seen him shoot? That is why I am nervous!

PANEL TWO

Behind them, way down the long hallway, Pinckney is in the prone firing position in the middle of the hall.

PINCKNEY
(into mike)
I CAN hear you, you know...

GALENA (OVER RADIO)
Then think of it as constructive criticism, darling, and please try not to shoot me.

JAEGER (OVER RADIO)
The two of you can be extremely irritating with your constant bickering.

PINCKNEY
Be quiet, Fritzie. This is between Mother Russia and myself.

GALENA
Okay, Charles. We’re planted here to cover you. Leapfrog our position.

PANEL THREE

Pinckney fast-walks down the hallway, aiming his huge sniper rifle from the hip.

PINCKNEY
I don’t like this entire situation. Where is everyone?

GALENA (OVER RADIO)
Perhaps we killed them all in Washington D.C. My brave little Tory?

7 CONTINUED:

PINCKNEY
Not bloody likely. This is one of the biggest computer software companies in the world. They've got thousands of employees. Way more than we snuffed in Washington.

PANEL FOUR

Pinckney approaches a bend in the hallway. He sidles up to the corner, his rifle slung, a .45 Automatic in his hand.

PINCKNEY
(small font, whispering)
I keep getting this feeling that at any moment, we're going to come face to face with something-

PANEL FIVE

Pinckney spins around the corner, pistol out in front of him. Camera angle from inside the hallway with Galena & Jaeger in it (i.e. We CAN'T see what Pinckney sees). The look on his face is one of pure horror.

PINCKNEY
Really. Horrible.

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Full page. The most horrible Invisibles-esque, Akira-esque, H.R. Giger-esque Lovecraftian psycho-sexual-mechanical horrific thing you can think of fills the room beyond the tiny, petrified, shaking silhouetted figure of Charles Coatesworth Pinckney and his puny gun. This is DREAMWEAVER, the psychic broadcaster on Citizen Soldier's team.

This should be HORRIBLE. Half pinkish flesh-thing which looks an awful lot like a monster made of leftover parts of dead baby brains with metal rods and cables sticking out of it everywhere. Just try to horrify the reader A LOT. Fill it full of phallic and vaginal imagery, give the readers fucking nightmares. If I don't SHIVER when I see it, you haven't done your job.

PANEL TWO

Small panel, facial reaction from Pinckney... he should be on the verge of going insane from the sheer horror of it. Imagine something so scary that it drove you INSANE just looking at it... And yet you can't look away. The gun shakes in his hand.

GALENA (O.S.)
Pinckney, what is it?

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

THOMAS JEFFERSON sits upright in bed (he slept sitting up), reading by candlelight. He has two books open, one in each hand and is reading them both at the same time (he did this, the genius freak).

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Washington D.C. December 14, 1799

SALLY HEMMINGS (O.S.)
Mister Tom?

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Yes, Sally, what is it?

PANEL TWO

Sally Hemmings at the door to Jefferson's bedroom. Next to her is ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

SALLY HEMMINGS
They's someone here to see you, Mister Tom.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Mister Vice President? I wouldn't have come but under the most dire need.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
HE is dying. The General is dying.

PANEL THREE

Jefferson up and out of bed, whipping on a coat.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
HOW? He's as strong as an ox! Damn it to Hades, Hamilton, your ORACLES said he'd OUTLIVE us all!

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Evidently none of the oracles ever imagined that he'd be FOOLHARDY enough to go riding in the rain and sleet and not dry off afterwards.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
He caught an inflammatory quinsy and is not expected to live out the night.

PANEL FOUR

Jefferson pulls on his pants, tucking his sleeping shirt into his trousers.

9 CONTINUED:

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Sally, put my travelling satchel in Mister Hamilton’s coach. I’ll change into proper clothes on the way to Mount Vernon. Alexander, have you alerted Adams?

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
The President is already en route... and fortune be praised, he is bringing a most welcome guest. The Marquis de Lafayette was visiting his home when they received the news.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
I thought Lafayette was in France?

PANEL FIVE

Hamilton and Jefferson climb into a swank horse-drawn carriage.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
The swine Napoleon refuses him entry. It seems that Lafayette is too corrupted by our ideals of Democracy. His wealth was ordered seized by the Committee for Public Safety.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
The Committee for Public Safety... why is it that all autocratic schemers hide their evil behind such comforting names? God forbid that these United States ever resort to some similar Homeland Safety Committee which serves only to spy on our own citizens.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Not to put too fine a point upon it, but that IS the point of tonight’s CEREMONY, is it not?

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

The carriage rides across an empty lawn towards Mount Vernon, Washington's home.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (CAPTION)
I only hope that THE GENERAL will live long enough for us to complete THE CEREMONY.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Mount Vernon, Virginia

PANEL TWO

The deathbed of GEORGE WASHINGTON. Remember, this man was SIX FOOT SIX in an era when most tall men were 5 foot 7. He was a GIANT to these people. See the reference page for a historical picture of his deathbed scene. At the foot of the bed is Martha Washington. On the side of the bed are MAJOR-GENERAL MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE and JOHN ADAMS and a nebbishy little worm of a doctor.

JOHN ADAMS
Welcome, good sirs.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
President Adams, we came at utmost speed... is he?

GEORGE WASHINGTON
He is still alive. The reports of my demise are premature. No thanks to these damnably demented Barbary Apes masquerading as Doctors.

DOCTOR
Mister President, we need to bleed you again-

PANEL THREE

Jefferson has to be held back by LaFayette from punching the Doctor's face in. Washington smiles wanly at the scene.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Stay away from him with your Medieval butchery tools, churl, else I empty YOU of YOUR BLOOD in order to supply him that which you have STOLEN in his time of GREATEST NEED!

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Thomas, you never cease to amaze me. Am I to understand that you are a doctor now in addition as your other achievements?

10 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Jefferson cools down and grips Washington’s pale hand (they drained almost 3 pints of blood out of him, the poor guy).

THOMAS JEFFERSON
I dabble. It never ceases to amaze me that Doctors understand that a wounded man must be bandaged ere he bleed to death... yet these same fools simultaneously believe that healing can be administered by draining that selfsame essential fluid of life. I apologize for my outburst, my friend.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
I have always enjoyed watching you grow furious. I am gladdened that you are here for OLD BEN’S ceremony. Speaking of...

PANEL FIVE

Washinton points to Layfayette.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
We needed a FOURTH to serve as the WORSHIPFUL MASTER of the NORTH and Providence has provided us with the Marquis. My favorite Frenchman, my favorite General and my favorite adopted son.

LAFAYETTE
You shame me with your praise, my General. I would gladly participate in this endeavour. I need only get properly attired...

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Large panel. The four men are all dressed in ritualistic Masonic garb over their normal clothing. They stand around Washington's bed, Hamilton on the right side, Jefferson across from him on the left, Adams at the head of the bed and Layfayette at the foot. Candles are lit at each corner of the bed.

LAFAYETTE
South

THOMAS JEFFERSON
West

JOHN ADAMS
North

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
EAST.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Will no one help this poor widow's son?

LAFAYETTE
East

THOMAS JEFFERSON
West

JOHN ADAMS
North

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
And now the words created by Worshipful Master Ben Franklin and our Brother in THE CRAFT, the Count of Cagliostro.

GEORGE WASHINGTON
Here lies the body of George Washington, Food for Worms. Like the Cover of an Old Book, Its Contents torn Out And Stripped of its Lettering and Gilding--But the Work shall not be Lost, For it will Appear once More In a New and More Elegant Edition Revised and Corrected By the Author.

PANEL TWO

Thin panel. ANGLE ON the four standing men from the chest up. A BRIGHT RAINBOW LIGHT emits from the bed, SHINING UP onto their faces. We can't see what they see. They stare in mute amazement.

11 CONTINUED:

GEORGE WASHINGTON (O.S.)
Oh! I'm moving! I can see the entire planet! Its Beauty! Its INFINITE BEAUTY! So many people! So many and yet we are ONE! We're all CONNECTED! Lord, Hamilton, you have to FREE MY SLAVES! Oh, God, what have I done? I am going... 'tis well.

PANEL THREE

Washington lies in bed, dead. Jefferson feels for a pulse at Washington's neck.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
His heart beats no more. He is dead... and yet, not dead.

LAFAYETTE
Was that... his soul which we saw?

JOHN ADAMS
Aye... his living soul departing its body. A brief glimpse of the sliver of godhead in each of us. I weep to think that I will never see such a sight again in all my days.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
I envy him... to never die, to go forward with this new nation, to never cease the battle for justice... a dream devoutly to be wished.

PANEL FOUR

ANGLE on Jefferson's as he pulls a sheet over Washington's face.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
A dream which may yet become a nightmare. Let us not believe that his journey will be one of larks and ease.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
He will die a thousand heroes deaths, find himself in places and times we find incomprehensible. Worse, he may eventually become the only person fighting to preserve our American experiment called Democracy.

THOMAS JEFFERSON
The tree of Liberty must be refreshed with the blood of patriots and tyrants... and I fear our friend will be quite busy tending America's forest through the ages.

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

External shot of the modern White House.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Washington DC

IVANA BAIUL (O.S.)
Listen, you freaks, I'm not asking you, I'm telling you.

PANEL TWO

Ivana Baiul's office. She's on a videophone call with Jack Hawksmoor.

IVANA BAIUL
You WILL start routing all SATELLITE TRAFFIC through your shiny little spaceship or else this planet's economy is going to collapse inwards on itself.

JACK HAWKSMOOR
And I'm telling you, Miss Baiul, that we ARE routing all COMMERCIAL and CIVILIAN satellite traffic. We've been doing so since Colonel Ben Santini of StormWatch called us a few hours ago with the same suggestion.

PANEL THREE

Ivana pokes the holo-image of Hawksmoor, causing it to ripple like a tiny pebble in a pool of water.

IVANA BAIUL
But you are DELIBERATELY withholding all of our routine MILITARY satellite applications such as observation imagery and electronics eavesdropping!

JACK HAWKSMOOR
I thought you were concerned about the planet's ECONOMY? We see no reason to turn our shiftship into a high-tech spy satellite for you and your murdering KLANSMAN master.

IVANA BAIUL
Listen, this is-

PANEL FOUR

Hawksmoor, pissy.

12 CONTINUED:

JACK HAWKSMOOR
Ooops, sorry, I can’t hear you... I’m having satellite trouble! I’ll have to call you back!

PANEL FIVE

The holoscreen is off. Jack looks across the table to The Engineer who’s shrugging.

JACK HAWKSMOOR
Wasn’t that woman a indicted murderer and international fugitive? How is it she’s running Homeland Security for the largest nation in the “FREE” world?

THE ENGINEER
I dunno... maybe the PRESIDENT gave her a full pardon in exchange for her expertise in murder and international flight from justice?

JACK HAWKSMOOR
We’re going to have more trouble with these people. I can smell it like the wind from a six-week-long garbage strike.

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

Angle on Ivana sitting in her Aeron chair, making the executive finger-steeple and looking up at GIANT in his “cool” David Lee Roth costume.. The phone next to her is ringing.

SPECIAL E/FX
Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring. Bring.

IVANA BAIUL
I can’t go to the President and tell him we’ve got no lead on Citizen Soldier. What about tracing StormWatch?

GIANT
We got nothin’. Your techies can’t seem to get a handle on what they’re using to teleport.

IVANA BAIUL
Because it’s not a teleporter... it was DESIGNED to be undetectable...

GIANT
Yeah, well, whatever the fuck it is, it works too good for your people to track.

GIANT
You gonna answer your fucking phone, or what?

PANEL TWO

Small. Ivana picks up. She’s pissed.

IVANA BAIUL
WHAT? Boring, Ohio? What the fuck is in- Who is this? How did you get this number? Hello?

PANEL THREE

Small. Ivana hangs up, smiling.

IVANA BAIUL
We might just know where Citizen Soldier is.

GIANT
See, now that’s what I’m talking about!

PANEL FOUR

GIANT flies across the sky, grinning.

13 CONTINUED:

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

Giant hovering in mid-air, looking down in confusion.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Green River, Wisconson

GIANT
Wait a second...

GIANT
Just Where the fuck is Ohio?

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

On Galena, shouting around the corner. Next to her is Jaeger, face-mask down.

GALENA
Charles! Damn!

JAEGER
We go. Kill everything. GO!

PANEL TWO

Downshot pov on Pinckney as Galena and Jaeger swing out next to him. Pinckney's eyes are rolled back up into his head and he's drooling and frothing all over himself.

JAEGER
Hell on Earth.

PANEL THREE

Jaeger collapses in a heap. Galena drops her rifle and tears her helmet/balaclava off. Blood streams from her nose and ears.

GALENA
No, you horrible monster of an abortion, you will stay out of my brain!

PANEL FOUR

Small panel. Her hands clutch at grenades on Jaeger's belt.

GALENA

PANEL FIVE

Galena throws some grenades. She looks like hell, eyes all bloodshot, blood coming from mouth, nose & ears.

GALENA
FUCK YOU!

PANEL SIX

Tiny panel. ONE BIG EYEBALL stares downwards at Galena in fear.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

Big panel. The grenades explode all over the surface of the THING, some of them destroying delicate computer & glass equipment sticking out of it.

SOUND E/FX
Pwwooomph Pwwoomph Pwwoomph

PANEL TWO

The thing lurches forwards... again, imagine the death of Tetsuo in Akira.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

And EXPLODES outwards in a soupy explosion, covering Galena, Pinckney & Jaeger in a bath of ick.

SOUND E/FX
SPllaaaahcck!!

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

Wide. Santini, Flint, Tefibi & Jukko wake up.

SANTINI
-Pread Out and keep on guar-

PANEL TWO

Wide, same shot, Santini confused.

SANTINI
Where did everyone else go?

PANEL THREE

Small. Tefibi points to a wrist chronometer.

TEFIBI
Hey, forget them, where did the last 40 minutes go? We've been dreaming while awake!

TEFIBI
And my freaking joints are killing me!

PANEL FOUR

Santini, grim. Tefibi on the radio.

SANTINI
Probably their dream casting guy. His signal probably gets stronger with proximity. Since we're awake now, we can assume that Galena, Jaeger or Pinckney took him off the board. See if you can raise them.

TEFIBI
(into radio)
This is StormWatch Two. StormWatch Seven, StormWatch Eight, StormWatch Five, report.

TEFIBI
Pinckney, Golovin, Weiss, report. Come in somebody.

PANEL SIX

Small. On Santini.

TEFIBI
No dice, sir.

15 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
We have to assume they're dead. Let's move out.

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Thin widescreen panel. Santini, Flint, Tefibi & Jukko walk down the long hallway.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Large panel. Galena cradles Pinckney's head, wiping goo off of him. She looks awful. Jaeger lies in a heap behind her, his leg broken by a big piece of equipment.

SANTINI
Oh, Lord above.

TEFIBI
Dead would have been better.

GALENA
(small font)
Look Charles, it's Colonel Santini.

GALENA
I'm sorry, Colonel, Charles won't talk. He's breathing but he's not in there.

PANEL THREE

Thin widescreen panel. Santini talks to Tefibi in midground. In the foreground, Galena continues going mad.

SANTINI
Get Doctor Grunier here now. You stay here and help her set Jaeger's leg. Get Galena sedated and evac them all to New York.

GALENA
We saw a bad thing. It... it hurt my brain.

GALENA
I'd like to go to sleep now.

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Giant hovers over two farmers working on the guts of a tractor.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Dayton, Ohio

GIANT
Excuse me Citizens, I... uhm... see, it's, uh...

OLD FARMER
Spit it out, flyboy.

PANEL TWO

Giant rubs the back of his head in the Japanese "embarrassment" pose.

GIANT
Errr... I'm kinda lost. What state is this?

OLD FARMER
What, ain't you got a map in them tights? Hell, boy, even my tractor's got a GPS in it!

GIANT
Fine, forget I asked.

OLD FARMER
Now don't get your fancy panties in a bunch, sonny! Where you looking for?

PANEL THREE

Giant comes down closer to the two farmers.

GIANT
Boring, Ohio.

OLD FARMER
Well, you're doing okay... Boring is 20 miles North of here!

GIANT
Great! Uh... which direction is North?

DAIRY QUEEN GIRL
Ain't you got a compass in them tights?

GIANT
Everyone's a comedian. Just point, hillbilly before I break your arm.

17 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

The old man points.

OLD FARMER
It's over yonder.

GIANT
Thanks.

OLD FARMER
Even YOU should be able to find it.

PANEL FIVE

GIANT uses his heat vision on the two farmers, burning them to dust.

GIANT
Okay, asshole, that's it!

PANEL SIX

GIANT flies off, angry.

GIANT
Try to be nice, but nooooo. Fucking people got no respect for the Government.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Citizen Soldier sits at a computer display. Off to the side, Santini, Jukko & Tefibi point guns at him.

COMPUTER SCREEN
Systems deleted. Begining Phase Twelve drive scrubs. Site Detonation in Twelve Minutes.

TEFIBI
Hands where we can see them, motherfucker!

CITIZEN SOLDIER
I surrender.

SANTINI
Yeah, I believe THAT. Interweave your fingers, hands behind your neck, up against the wall.

PANEL TWO

Citizen Soldier stands, his hands behind his neck, up against the wall. Santini slips a pair of super-handcuffs over his hands. He talks over his shoulder to Santini.

SANTINI
You might be able to break these, but not before I shoot you in the head.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
I've surrendered, Colonel Santini. I know when I'm beaten. There's no need for violence any longer. My attack on Washington D.C. was foiled, my superallies are all dead... it's time to plan for the future.

PANEL THREE

Santini gets up close with Citizen Soldier.

SANTINI
The Federal Reserve Gold. Your employees.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Yes and Yes. $200 Billion spread amongst 2000 employees with new identities. They've gone to ground all over the nation like grass seed. You'll never find them, so don't bother.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Since money is all the America of your generation respects, we're going to use the money we've stolen. change this country from the inside out with

18 CONTINUED:

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Maybe next time this won’t have to be so pointlessly violent.

SANTINI
Next time? There’s not going to be a next time for you.

PANEL FOUR

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Santini, why don’t you be a good little soldier and take me to your bosses in the White House. They’ll arrange a show trial and kill me for my Treason and I’ll be reborn and start this all over again in twenty years.

SANTINI
The problem with that scenario is that I’m NOT a Good Little Soldier. I don’t work for anyone but myself and you’re not going ANYWHERE they can get to you. I’m going to put your ass in cryogenic storage where you will NEVER DIE and NEVER BE REBORN. So much for Next Fucking Time, huh?

PANEL FIVE

The wall behind Citizen Soldier EXPLODES, sending showers of concrete and rebar flying at the StormWatch crew.

SOUND E/FX
Kaaa-whooom!

SANTINI
DOWN!

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

GIANT’S ARM protrudes from Citizen Soldier’s chest.

GIANT
Here I come To Save The Dayyyyy!

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Took you... long... enough. Get lost or something?

SANTINI (O.S.)
NOOOO! WHAT DID YOU FUCKING DO? That’s exactly what he wanted!

PANEL TWO

Citizen Soldier smiles a bloody toothed grin.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Hell, Santini... who do you think... told them where to find me? Knew you wouldn’t kill me... don’t believe in suicide... needed a Third Way Out.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
See you... Next Time.

PANEL THREE

Santini stands over Citizen Soldier’s corpse, furious at GIANT. In the background, Jukko pushes a huge piece of concrete off of himself.

SANTINI
Great! He’s fucking DEAD! Once again, GIANT, you arrive just in time to FUCK ME UP! What is your problem? We had him contained! Now he’s going to be reborn in a new body God only knows where, you impulsive idiot!

PANEL FOUR

Angle on Giant, unapologetic.

GIANT
Look, chill, dude. Two seconds after I tell Ivana Baiul this goon’s time of death, she’ll have teams in the field looking for male babies born immediately after he died. Don’t worry, we’ll find him.

19 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
And kill him. That's been tried before, GIANT, by a guy named Herod.

GIANT
Huh? Ain't no Herod works for the Civil Defense Administration, man.

PANEL FIVE

Santini rubs his head... excedrin headache! GIANT stares, smug.

SANTINI
Herod tried to kill Jes-oh forget it. It's murder. Ivana will kill every kid born in the next month if she thinks that'll stop Citizen Soldier's rebirth.

GIANT
Aw hell, Santini, this is the United States. Ain't nobody in this Administration gonna do anything ILLEGAL.

GIANT
Trust me... you can just go home and relax. Sex up your fine lady, score some brews.

GIANT
The Civil Defense Administration has all your Homeland Security needs covered, my friend.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

President Kent at his desk on the phone, across from Ivana Baiul.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Washington D.C. - Twelve hours later

PRESIDENT KENT
Well, Mr. Chairman, now that you've seen the threats that America faces, can I count on you for, say, a TWO Million dollar donation to my campaign?

PRESIDENT KENT
Don't make your mind up too quick, now... remember, I'll soon be awarding Billions of dollars in reconstruction contracts for the rebuilding of Washington D.C.

PRESIDENT KENT
Yes, I thought that might change your mind. Hmmm? Why, yes, I DO get to appoint nine new Supreme Court Justices. Isn't it marvelous? Why, is there some law which you find troublesome? Ah, yes, the Clean Air Act-

PANEL TWO

Two dead HSS agents land on the President's desk. He jumps a mile.

PRESIDENT KENT
AAAAAHHHH!

FLINT (O.S.)
I think this garbage belongs to YOU.

PANEL THREE

Santini & Flint stand next to the President's desk. The unconscious goons lay all over his desk. Flint is crushing the President's phone into powder with her bare hands.

SANTINI
My team will eventually locate Citizen Soldier's new host body and contain him. Meanwhile, if I find any more of Ivana Baiul's people attempting to kill American children, I'll have Flint here tear your head off, Sir. SLOWLY.

SANTINI
You think long and hard on the idea of this angry black woman turned loose on your murdering Klansman ass. Mister. President.

20 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Santini & Flint walk out through their Project Entry Portal. Baiul and the President face off. He's hot, she's icy.

SANTINI
We'll be watching.

PRESIDENT KENT
I'm the President of the best country on Earth. Who do these foreigners think they are, they can just walk into my office in the blink of an eye? I'M THE PRESIDENT, GODDAMMIT! How do they do that, BAIUL?

IVANA BAIUL
If you remember your briefing on StormWatch sir, Colonel Santini stole our experimental Project Entry technology and disposed of the design team. We can't currently replicate it.

PANEL FIVE

Small. A sulky President Kent snarls at camera.

PRESIDENT KENT
I'm getting tired of spandex wearing creeps dropping by any time they want and us not being able to retaliate.

PRESIDENT KENT
If you want to keep your job, Ivana, you move heaven and earth to get ME a Project Entry.

PRESIDENT KENT
And get me a new phone, dammit!

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Exterior shot of Long Beach Dockyard, nighttime. Cargo containers as far as the eye can see.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Long Beach Shipyards, CA

CHEN (INSIDE CONTAINER)
EHHHNNNNNNN!

CHINESE ILLEGAL #1 (INSIDE CONTAINER)
<Silence Your Wife! We will be discovered!>

DENG
<You shut YOUR mouth! She is in great pain and cannot help herself!>

PANEL TWO

Inside one of the containers. DENG uses a flashlight to see his pregnant wife, CHEN, who is being assisted by Chinese Illegal #2 in delivering a baby. Chinese Illegal #1 stands around looking worried, wringing his hands.

DENG
<Besides, it has been a week. I believe we have been abandoned here. It might be best to be discovered now. If we cannot find a way to get out, we will surely die soon. We cannot last another day without water.>

CHEN
Nnnnnnnn!

CHINESE ILLEGAL #2 (FEMALE)
<It’s coming! Keep pushing, Chen!>

PANEL THREE

Chinese Illegal #2 holds up a swaddled baby to Chen.

CHEN
<Come, Deng, and see your daughter.>

PANEL FOUR

The two proud parents look down on their baby.

CHEN
<She is beautiful. I hear this is a good country in which to have a daughter.>

21 CONTINUED:

DENG
<If we can only get out of this accursed tomb, she will be the most beloved daughter of all time.>

CHEN
<Then let us name her Guan-Yin after the Goddess of Mercy. Maybe she will shine her favor upon us and save us all.>

PAGE 22

PANEL ONE

The baby yawns.

BABY (CITIZEN SOLDIER)
(small font)
<Hot in here. Air bad. Too hot.>

PANEL TWO

Exterior. The doors of the shipping container EXPLODE off their hinges.

SOUND E/FX
KRAKKK! K-TAAANNG!

PANEL THREE

Several illegals peer our fearfully into the night air, amazed at what's happened.

CHINESE ILLEGAL #1
<We are free of our coffin! It is a miracle!>

CHINESE ILLEGAL #2
<Chen and Deng's Child is blessed by The GODS!>

PANEL FOUR

Upshot on Deng & Chen in the air under the full moon, looking at one another, gingerly holding their baby between them, afraid of what they've given birth to.

CHEN
<Did... could she... Deng, I am afraid!>

DENG
<We... the heat, yes, the heat, we imagined it all. The heat of the trailer blew to doors off the hinges and made us hallucinate that she spoke.>

PANEL FIVE

Downshot on the baby, smiling. It has CITIZEN SOLDIER Star-shaped Pupils!

BABY (CITIZEN SOLDIER)
<You imagined nothing. Mother, Father... Welcome to America.>

CAPTION
NOT The End.

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

BACKGROUND ON THE FBI FUCKING WITH PUERTO RICAN INDEPENDENCE:
http://www.icdc.com/~paulwolf/cointelpro/copap4.htm

DEATHBED SCENES OF GEORGE WASHINTON
http://gwpapers.virginia.edu/exhibits/mourning/scene.html

GEORGE AS GENERAL
http://gwpapers.virginia.edu/faq/gigeorge.html

MASONIC FUNERAL GARB
http://www.calodges.org/no35/images/funeral.jpg
http://www.calodges.org/no35/images/cornerstone092603.jpg
http://www.srmason-sj.org/council/journal/feb01/banks.html

CITIZEN SOLDIER TIMELINE
1948 - HUAC kills Citizen Soldier
1955 - 7 yrs old, lynched
1972 - 17 yrs old, Hell no, I won't go.
1973 - International Operations kills him.
2003 - 30 years old, Back with a Vengence.